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RYDAL LAKE,  
AND RESIDENCE OF THE POET WORDSWORTH,  
WESTMORELAND.

THE eye of this picturesque elysium is Rydal Lake, with its gracefully indented boundary-line, and its pair of clustered islets. Though small, this is in many respects, one of the most interesting lakes in the north of England; for, its comparatively small size is favourable to the production of variegated landscape. It lies, like the eye, or window, of this lovely scene: its form appears to be that of the perfect lake, when it least resembles that of a river;—when being looked at from any given point, where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such a proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-shooting bays, it never assumes the shape of a river; and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current; reflecting, therefore, the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also, and making visible the changes of the

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atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

The visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

Rydal Lake almost to a certainty will attract the eye of the traveller, when about a mile and a half from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick. The water is principally fed by the river Rotha,\* flowing from Grasmere Lake on the west, which makes its exit on the opposite side, and falls into Windermere.

At the foot of Rydal Mount, on the right of our Engraving, has WORDSWORTH, the poet of nature, fixed his abode for several years past. Rydal Head, the summit of the mountain, is of great height, its craggy peaks being intermixed with small trees and bushes;

\* Wordsworth has sung a sonnet to this river —

“Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey  
When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood,” &c.

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lower down, thick copse-wood clothes the sides, which are studded with small ivied cottages. The hills on the opposite side of the lake are less lofty, but equally variegated in their forms and tints; their bases being thickly covered with dark wood, and stretching to the water's edge.

But, the beauties of this portion will be better told in Wordsworth's own poetic prose:—

The form of the mountains are endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and their colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general surface of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places rocks predominate; the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains; and occasionally their perpendicular sides are seamed by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, intrench and scar over the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

The mountains are composed of the stone, by mineralogists, termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to lime-stone and free-stone; but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant colour of their rocky parts is bluish, or hoary grey—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is incrustated. With this blue or grey colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that interveins the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When, in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread every where; and, upon this plant, more than upon anything else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in har-

mony with the autumnal woods; bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant being more exposed to the weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are generally found upon the sides of these mountains, though in some places they are richly adorned by them. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summits softened by distance, and to imhite the finest aerial hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colours are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect, indeed, of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven ridges rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which, in its ordinary appearance, showed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.\*

How congenial must such scenery be to the poet who, as Mr. Hazlitt says, "has made nature a kind of home, and may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart: no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years.—

"To him the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed: a linnet's nest startles him with boyish delight: an old, withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections: a grey cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched in the rain, afterwards becomes an object of imagination to him: even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way, and with an intensity of feeling, that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is, in this sense, the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared; for they have no substitute elsewhere. \* \* \*

There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and ingrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the grandeur of mountain scenery, he has stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of white-thorn from the

\* Description of the Country of the Lakes, appended to the River Duddon Sonnets.

spray: but in describing it, his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects around him—the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirit; the cataract roars in the sound of his verse; and in its dim and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollows of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness, and its depth!"

We could quote further to the purpose, but must reserve for our Notice of the Poet's Life, to accompany a Portrait of Mr. Wordsworth, which forms the Frontispiece to the present volume. Meanwhile, the prefixed view of the Poet's Retreat will, doubtless, be acceptable to all lovers of poetry and the picturesque. The original is one of Mr. Westall's admirable *Views of Great Britain*.

### THE NIGER.

THE following interesting letter on the subject of the Niger, from a medical officer on board his Majesty's ship Dryad, to a gentleman in Arbroath, appeared some time since, in the *Montrose Review*:—"The river Nunn, you will perceive on examining the map, is situated among a cluster of other rivers, a little to the eastward of Cape Formosa, which forms the eastern boundary of the Bight of Benin. From some circumstances which occurred, I was induced to make a few inquiries concerning the termination of these rivers, and I have ascertained, by the most unquestionable evidence, that all the streams which fall into the sea, from Cape Formosa to the old Calabar river, inclusive, are united together by cross branches and intermediate streams, at no great distance from the sea, and that consequently, they may all be said to be mouths of the Niger. Such a fact is interesting, and the following are some of my proofs:—The extreme flatness of the country, and the numerous streams which may be seen to intersect it in all directions, even by ships landing close to the shore; the frequent and well-known arrival at the river Bonny of canoes from Duke Ephraim, (a chief of the old Calabar river), by some inland branch, without even seeing the ocean; the frequent arrival also of canoes from the Nunn at the Bonny by similar means; and the statements of some of the most intelligent natives, who assure me that there is a great inland trade in slaves, ivory, palm-oil, and British manufactures, carried on through the medium of these streams uniting the principal rivers."

W. G. C.

### NOTES FROM RECENT TOURS.

#### COLOGNE AND BONN.

IN Cologne there is much to amuse during a short sojourn; to say nothing of the cathedral and the numerous and interesting churches of various dates, their pictures and their relics,—the many remaining monuments of the industry of its original possessors, the Romans, offer subjects for investigation to the inquiring traveller of no common interest, and afford matter for much and wholesome reflection; Cologne is not, however, a clean town; the open drains, by which the streets are everywhere traversed, fill the air with a multitude of offensive odours, and though I cannot to the letter verify the words of Coleridge, who says

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,  
And hags, and rags, and dirty wenches,  
I counted two and seventy stenches.

I did most certainly define and clearly identify from twenty-five to thirty.

Nothing, perhaps, appears more singular to the stranger, on entering the town, than the number of establishments for the sale of that, according to their account, universal panacea, and not-to-be-too-much-valued menstruum—*Eau de Cologne*; each professing to have no connexion with the other, but all conducted under one name—that of the renowned and apparently everywhere present *Jean Marie Farina*. Some are undoubtedly branches of the parent tree—chips of the old block—but many, ay the greater part, have not the least relationship. The way in which the imposition is, with some show of justice, maintained, is this:—when a new speculator purposes to open a *boutique* for the sale of this water, knowing that under any other cognomen failure would be certain, he sends to a particular district in Italy, where the name of *Farina* is common, and thence obtains a child from parents who bear it, mostly in extreme poverty, under whose title the establishment is conducted.

A ride of two hours brings you to Bonn, with its cathedral, its museum, its school, and scholars. Bonn scholars!—what a host of strange forms are conjured up to recollection by the words: figure to yourself, gentle reader, a stalwart youth, of twenty-two or thereabouts, encased by a coat of velvetene with many and oddly situated pockets; his cheeks and eyes but indistinctly seen through the dark and curling hair with which his face and neck, discovered by his loosely-tied cravat, are covered; and on his head, a hat of straw with long and pointed crown, around the sides of which, flowers of divers hue are wound fantastically. In one hand place a pipe from three to four feet long, in the other a portfolio, and on his heels spurs of curious make; figure to yourself, I say, a being thus accoutred, oftentimes followed by a *bull dog* of

monstrous size; and you will have a generally correct notion of a Bonn student. A skull-cap, of ordinary make, in some cases takes the place of the beflowered hat, but in all other points the description will universally apply. In their thoughts and habits they are as strange as in their dress: they travel much on foot and, habited as I have said, with knapsack on their backs and pipe in their mouths, may be met hundreds of miles from their college, seeking information and *beer*; in which latter they mostly so indulge, that by 100 students who went, during my stay amongst them, for a day's excursion on the mountains, no less than a *thousand* bottles of beer were drunk. With them, whatever *is*, is wrong! their amusements, their modes of study, are not as others—they are by themselves, and henceforth I will divide humanity into men, women, and Bonn students.

Immediately at the back of the town is the mountain of Kreuzberg, from which is obtained a view most varied and superb; and under the chapel on its summit is the often-mentioned cave, containing bodies of deceased monks (once thereto appertaining), which are in perfect preservation: of this, however, anon.

G. G. JUN.

#### Darmstadt.

#### SUNSET ON THE LAKE LEMAN.

... LEAVING Lausanne in the afternoon, we passed slowly, (Voituriers are not remarkable for speed) along the margin of the Lake. The air was cool and pleasant—the scenery most enlivening: the waters of the Lake were gently ruffled by the zephyr which skimmed over its surface; on the opposite shore rose towering to the skies the snow-clad members of the gigantic Alps—most appropriate scenery for the display of that magnificence which the two rulers of day and night put forth on that evening.

At the extremity of the Lake toward Geneva, the sun was setting, arrayed in glory, behind the Alps, whose bold outline was finely penciled on a sky of deepening red. The Lake below glittered with gold in the broad line of light, which the declining luminary threw across its waters.

At the other extremity the moon was rising behind mountains, whose dark and mysterious forms were dimly shadowed out in the gloom. Here a broad belt of glistening silver seemed to gird the Lake, as its waters gently rippled in the moonbeam.

No description, much less the imperfect one here presented, can possibly give an adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene.

E. C.

#### SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.

FROM the village of Art, accompanied by a guide and furnished with poles, we set out

on our expedition to the summit of the Rigi, some of our party being on horseback and others on foot.

Arriving at the foot of the mountain, we began our ascent by a steep and precipitous path through wooded scenery, which became more and more wild and interesting as we proceeded. The advance of our cavalcade, (consisting of ladies, the lively colours of whose shawls and dresses mingled very agreeably with the green luxuriance of the trees,) as it wound slowly up the steep ascent above our heads, not a little added to the romantic appearance of the scene. Half way up we stopped to refresh ourselves and our horses at a *chalêt*, and after night-fall arrived at the Hospice, (an establishment somewhat resembling the celebrated one of St. Bernard's,) where we procured lights, and thence continued our journey along the ridge, which forms a gradual ascent to the Rigi Culm, or summit of the Rigi. In traversing this ridge the pedestrians of our party, ignorant of course of the road, were in no small danger of falling down a precipice which bounds one side of it. They were obliged to feel their way with the poles, since the lantern carried by the guide, afforded barely light sufficient to show the danger, without enabling us to avoid it. We arrived late at the inn which is built on the highest point of the Rigi—5,676 feet above the level of the sea, and 4,356 above the Lake of Zug.

The next morning, while wrapt in a slumber rendered doubly sound by the fatigues of the previous day, we were suddenly roused by a cry of "The sun is rising! the sun is rising!" Eager to behold the sight we all rushed out upon the platform at the side of the inn. We there beheld a singularly magnificent spectacle: above was a clear, blue sky—below rolled the clouds, resembling a vast and troubled ocean, out of which rose, like precipitous and barren islets, the summits of Mount Pilate, the Simplon chain, and other giants of the Alpine family; the country below was concealed from our view—we seemed, indeed, to stand in another world. Upon this chaotic scene rose the sun in all its splendour, tinged with a roseate hue, the distant summits of the snow-capped Alps. After the sun had risen about an hour, a rainbow appeared in the clouds beneath, leaving to us above merely the form of a small arch.

The clouds dispersing, revealed the country beneath, which was spread out like a map before us. At our feet was the Lake of Lucerne, or rather the Lake of the Four Cantons. The eye wandering over an immense tract of country, took in at one view the Lakes of Brieg, Thun, and many others, (we counted at least eight), which were here and there spread upon the face of a landscape, undulated with green valleys, dotted with towns

and villages, and intersected with innumerable streams.

In the course of the morning we descended the Rigi by a path far more precipitous than that by which we had ascended the mountain, to Kusuach, passing, on our way, a chapel built on the spot where the hero of Switzerland shot Gesler.

E. C.

### The Naturalist.

SNAKES—BY WATERTON.

It often happens that a man turns round and runs away when he has come suddenly upon a snake, "*retroque pedem cum voce repressit*;" while the disturbed snake itself is obliged, through necessity, (as I shall show by and by,) to glide in the same path which the man has taken. The man, seeing this, runs away at double speed, fancying that he is pursued by the snake. If he would only have the courage to stand still, and would step sideways on the snake's coming up to him, he might rest secure that it would not attack him, provided that he, on his part, abstained from provoking it. I once laid hold of a serpent's tail as it was crossing the path before me; and then, as might be expected, it immediately raised itself and came at me, and I had to fight it for my pains; but, until I had seized its tail, it showed no inclination whatever either to chase me or to attack me. Had I been ignorant of the habits of snakes, I should certainly have taken myself off as soon as I perceived that it was approaching the place where I was standing; and then I should have told every body that I had been pursued by a serpent, and had had to run for my life. This snake was ten feet long.

In 1820, on my way to the interior of Guiana, I accompanied Mr. President Rough to the hospitable house of Archibald Edmonstone, Esq., in Hobbabba Creek, which falls into the river Demerara. We had just sat down to breakfast. I was in the act of apologizing for appearing barefoot, and in a check shirt, alleging, by way of excuse, that we were now in the forest, when a negro came running up from the swamp, and informed us that a large snake had just seized a tame Muscovy duck. My lance, which was an old bayonet on the end of a long stick, being luckily in a corner of the room, I laid hold of it in passing, and immediately ran down to the morass. The president and his son followed; and I think that Mr. Edmonstone, and his late lamented brother joined them. As the scene of action was within a few yards of the ground on which they stood, they had a full view of all that passed, from the commencement of the fray up to its final close. A number of trees had been felled in the swamp, and the snake had retreated among them. I walked on their boles, and

stepped from branch to branch, every now and then getting an imperfect sight of the snake. Sometimes I headed him, and sometimes I was behind him, as he rose and sank, and lurked in the muddy water. During all this time, he never once attempted to spring at me, because I took care to manœuvre in a way not to alarm him. At last, having observed a favourable opportunity, I made a thrust at him with the lance; but I did it in a bungling manner, for I only gave him a slight wound. I had no sooner done this, than he instantly sprang at my left buttock, seized the Russia sheeting trousers with his teeth, and coiled his tail round my right arm. All this was the work of a moment. Thus accoutred, I made my way out of the swamp, while the serpent kept his hold of my arm and trousers with the tenacity of a bull-dog.

As many travellers are now going up and down the world in quest of zoological adventures, I could wish to persuade them that they run no manner of risk in being seized ferociously by an American racer snake, provided they be not the aggressors: neither need they fear of being called to an account for intruding upon the amours of the rattlesnake. The racer's exploits must evidently have been invented long ago, by some anxious, old grandmother, in the back woods of the United States, to deter her grandchildren from straying into the wilds. The account of the rattlesnake's amours is an idle fabrication as old as the hills. When I was a lad, it was said, how that, in the plains of Cayenne, quantities of snakes were to be seen knotted together, and how that, on the approach of man, they would immediately dissolve company, and make the rash intruder pay for his curiosity far more severely than Diana of old made Actæon pay for an ill-timed peep. She merely changed the hunter into a stag: they chased the man, and barbarously stung him to death.

When a man is ranging the forest, and sees a serpent gliding towards him, (which is a very rare occurrence,) he has only to take off in a side direction, and he may be perfectly assured that it will not follow him. Should the man, however, stand still, and should the snake be one of those overgrown monsters capable of making a meal of a man, in these cases, the snake would pursue its course; and, when it got sufficiently near to the place where the man was standing, would raise the fore part of its body in a retiring attitude, and then dart at him, and seize him. A man may pass within a yard of rattlesnakes with safety, provided he goes quietly; but, should he irritate a rattlesnake, or tread incautiously upon it, he would infallibly receive a wound from its fang; though, by the by, with the point of that fang curved downwards, not upwards. Should I ever be chased by a snake, I should really be inclined

to suspect that it was some slippery emissary of Beelzebub; for I will forfeit my ears, if any of old Dame Nature's snakes are ever seen to chase either man or beast. They know better than to play pranks, which the dame has peremptorily forbidden.

In the village of Walton there is a cross road known by the name of Blind Lane. One summer's evening, as an old woman, named Molly Mokeson, was passing up the causeway in this lane, a man, by name Wilson, saw a snake gliding onwards in the same direction.—“Molly,” said he, “look! there's a snake running after you.”—She turned her head to see what was the matter; and, on observing the snake approaching, fear “seized her withered veins.” After getting some twenty yards further up the causeway, she took refuge in a neighbour's house, and sat down in silent apprehension, not having breath enough to tell her troubles. In the meantime, Wilson had followed up the snake, and being without a stick, he had tried repeatedly to kick it, but had always missed his mark. All of a sudden, the snake totally disappeared. Now, the true solution of this chase is nothing more or less than that the snake had been disturbed by the old woman, and had taken its departure for some other place, but, on seeing a man coming up from behind, it had glided harmlessly along the path which the old woman had taken; and then, to save its life, it had slipped into the weeds in the hedge-bottom.

Nothing was talked of in the village, but how that Molly Mokeson had been chased by the devil; for, the good people of Walton, wiser in their generation than the sages of Philadelphia, never dreamed of taking this animal for a real snake; knowing full well that snakes are not in the habit of chasing men or women. I was consulted on the important affair; and I remarked, with great gravity, that there was something very strange and awful in it.—“If,” said I, “Molly has unfortunately been interfering with any other woman's witchcraft; or if she has been writing words with her own blood; or, above all, if there was a strong smell of brimstone in the lane at the time of the chase, then, and in that case, there is too much reason to fear that the thing which Wilson took for a snake was an imp from the bottomless pit, sent up here, no doubt, by the king of sulphur, on some wicked and mischievous errand.”—Poor old Molly is still alive, but nature is almost done within her; and she is now rarely seen on the cold side of the threshold. Many a time have I bantered old Molly on this serpentine apparition; but she would only shake her head and say, she wished she had been at home that evening, instead of going up Blind Lane.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

## Manners and Customs.

### THE ARABS IN ETHIOPIA.

DONGOLAH, or more properly New Dongolah, is, on many accounts, the most interesting province of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia. Approaching it by the Nile, some of the islands in the district are very rich. Mr. Hoskins, in his recent Travels, remarked, on one, numerous sugar-canes; and, in several, a mode of irrigating the land unknown in Egypt, and displaying more skill than is usual in the Pacha's dominions. The ground near the Persian wheels is often very uneven, and cannot be levelled without considerable labour: the natives, therefore, form aqueducts with stakes or pieces of wood, and place them on the conduit, which is made of earth. These aqueducts are extremely picturesque, as well as ingenious, being, in general, neatly constructed, and covered with grass. All the water-courses in the country are carefully kept. The peasants are invariably well clothed, and appear in easy circumstances: they may be occasionally seen assembled in the evening under palm-trees, smoking, and sometimes drinking a cup of Abyssinian coffee, their greatest luxury.

The population of Dongolah is estimated at 50,000 persons. The chief town has far more the appearance of a capital, than any place Mr. Hoskins has seen in Ethiopia. The citadel is fortified with walls and towers sufficient to defend it from the attacks of the Arabs, but not long against an European army. There are a few pieces of cannon, and there is generally a garrison of from 300 to 800 men, but most commonly from invalid regiments, that have suffered by the more unhealthy climates of Kordofan, Khartoun, and Sennaar, and are sent here as unfit for any other service. A hospital has been in part built; there are several *cafés* in the town; one is very handsome, large, airy, and furnished with a divan covered with carpets. Here the lazy Turks kill the day: smoking, seeing the people pass by, playing draughts and other games, and drinking coffee and sherbet.

The bazaar of Dongolah is well stocked; the articles for sale consisting of stuffs, silk, linen, and cotton; red Turkish caps, shoes, glassware, cures for ophthalmia; and a variety of pipes, from the handsome Persian anguilles and long Turkish pipes, with their amber mouthpieces, worth two or three pounds each, to the humble pipe of the peasant, value threepence; coarse thread and common needles; salt, clear as crystal; cases for amulets, such as the women wear round their necks, and the men on their arms; coffee from Mocha and Abyssinia; loaf sugar, white and brown; tamarinds, from Sennaar and Kordofan; and a variety of arms, sabres,



lances, daggers, and pistols; in every shop are on sale, spices and ginger, cloves, coriander seed, sandal-wood, and a kind of kernels, seemingly of cherries, said to be brought from Italy: the natives extracting oil from them. With the spices they make ointment for the skin; with which Mr. Hoskins saw persons smeared, as if they had been dipped in butter. He likewise saw Arabs of the desert place two or three pounds of mutton fat on their heads, and walk on till the sun had melted it, when not only the head and face were covered with the liquid grease, but it flowed in streams down their backs. They consider their ointments conducive to health, especially after fatigue. There is an old custom still kept up in the country:—when an Arab or Turk arrives in a village after a fatiguing day's journey, he generally gets a slave to rub him for half an hour all over with ointment. It is pleasant and refreshing, cooling, and softening to the skin, which has been burnt and dried up by the scorching winds of the desert.

Mr. Hoskins also saw in the bazaar, common looking-glasses, and glass and other beads. There are several separate markets for slaves, men, women, boys, girls, and eunuchs.

Our traveller observed a custom which is peculiar to this district: the peasant girls and the men bring from the country small quantities of grain and other produce, which they exchange for perfumes, and spices for their hair and persons. This is conformable to our European idea of remote and uncivilized people carrying on commerce simply by barter. In the bazaar, however, Mr. Hoskins was shown some rudely shaped pieces of iron, said to be the money of Darfour. In one of the shops, he saw a shabbily dressed fellow, squatted on the ground, with a few, miserable tools before him on a board. He imagined him to be a joiner, but was surprised to find him the first of the goldsmiths in Dongolah; he told Mr. Hoskins his watch was not gold, for he had never seen gold so dark-coloured. He could not work European gold; but generally employed the gold of Sennaar, which is of a superior quality, and pliable and malleable, like lead.

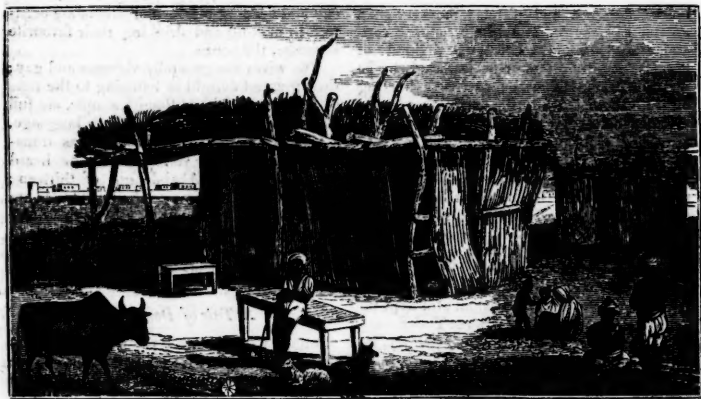
Most of the houses of the Arab peasants of Dongolah are of mud, that is, the alluvial soil of the Nile mixed with cow and horse-manure; the latter is much used: straw is rarely added. Many of the houses in the country, built of dourah straw, are extremely picturesque. The two annexed views, from Mr. Hoskins's plates, will give the reader a good idea of their construction, and also their inhabitants. The lordly Turk is smoking on the only angouzeeb in the house; one man is grinding on a stone, for his lazy wife, whose business it is considered to be, merely as much dourah as will suffice for their mid-

day and evening meal; and others are occupied in making and drinking their favourite beverage, the bouza.

The wives are generally virtuous and gay; their greatest delight is listening to the tales of the country, which, though simple, are full of imagery, and have, in the Arab language, a peculiar charm. Mr. Hoskins has translated one of these stories, which he heard related by a little Ababde girl of thirteen; and even at an earlier age, their memories are stored with similar narratives, which, if any one had the disposition and the leisure to collect them, would form an interesting supplement to the celebrated *One Thousand and One Nights*.

#### *A Tale of Dongolah.*

Amnah was the most lovely of the daughters of the Nile: fair as the sand of the desert, the gazelle was not more elegant in form, or more graceful in its movements. Her bust was beautiful, and her skin soft and pliant to the touch. Her face was as the light of day: her eyes were bright as the stars; her teeth whiter than the polished ivory; and a lovely and ever-constant smile illumined her countenance. Nature had done her utmost: Fortune equalled her rival in loading her with its favours. Her necklaces were numerous, and of the finest gold; and great was the weight of gold on her wrists and ankles. Her hair was beautifully plaited, and decorated with the largest and rarest pearls, and broad plates of gold above her forehead; and two large and most precious ornaments set with diamonds hung gracefully from her ears. Her rat (cineture) presented every variety of colour; the skin of the hippopotamus was never cut so fine; it was ornamented with the most curious shells and pieces of gold and silver, attached coquetishly in the most becoming manner; and the border of the rat around her waist consisted of coral and pearls. From her waist to her knees, only, this graceful ornament skreened her form; and there was not one of the youths of the village and of the neighbourhood, who had ever seen Amnah, who did not sigh, and regret bitterly his being unworthy that her rat should be broken for him.—“The hours of the paradise of the prophet cannot,” said they, “be more enchanting, endowed with such ravishing beauty, or such extraordinary talents.”—She was, at the same time, the gayest of the gay, and also acquainted with all the learning of her tribe. Her father and other travellers had related to her the history and customs of other countries, and from them she had learned the traditions and wars of her native land. Every passage of the Koran was familiar to her; and it was whispered she had devoted herself secretly to the study of astrology, (*el ahlem el felek*), and the more hidden sciences of the Arabians. At midnight, she was often seen alone, gazing



(Exterior of an Ethiopian Cottage.)

at the heavens; and for this reason the homage she received for her beauty and understanding was blended with a certain feeling almost approaching to fear. Too beautiful, pure, and learned to be of this world, she was considered by the ignorant peasants more as an angel of light, (*melik e' nour*), than as a frail inhabitant of earth. At the death of her father, after she had accompanied his remains to the grave, and for some time had lamented his loss, Amnah, weary of the constraint to which her sex subjected her, and anxious to visit those scenes which she had so often heard described, left her native village. The morning after her departure, at the entrance of a small town, she observed an old man covered with vermin.—“My father!” said she, “let me free you from those tormentors;” and she began killing the animals, until suddenly the man fell dead at her feet.—“It is the will of God!” she exclaimed, and immediately dressed herself in his clothes, and pursued her journey. Thus disguised, and safe by the power of magic from detection, she procured a dromedary swift as the wind, and visited the different regions she had heard described; sometimes joining one caravan, and sometimes another. The immense treasures on her person were little diminished by this expense; when, one day, the people of the caravan with which she travelled perceived a cloud of sand approaching them, and shortly afterwards distinguished a troop of horsemen at full gallop. Amnah and her companions urged on their camels, but, finally, finding flight useless, they endeavoured to hide themselves in a large well, which the heat of the summer had dried up. But the horsemen had seen them enter, and delighted to have their prey secured, they offered to the young leader of their band his choice, whether

he would have for his portion the first or the last of the persons whom they should find in the well. Their chief, named Mustapha, was only twenty-one years of age, but renowned for his skill in the use of the matchlock, the sabre, and the lance. His shield, of the hide of the hippopotamus, was almost useless; for, with his sabre he parried the blows of his enemies; with a slanting cut of his Damascus blade, which his father, who had travelled far towards the north, had brought him, he separated the limbs of his foes, and even severed the iron chain. At the shake of his lance all fled before him; and never was a matchlock in more skilful hands. In form, he was the perfection of manly beauty and vigour, and his mind was richly endowed, displaying a judgment beyond his years, and greater presence of mind in danger than the oldest warrior. The Koran he knew by heart and his chief delight was in listening to the traditions of his country. Young and generous, he could never repress his indignation at the recital, of the evil deeds of the tyrants who had reigned over the land; his eyes kindled with enthusiasm, and his cheeks glowed with pleasure and emulation, when they told him of the valorous exploits of his ancestors, their generosity and hospitality. Like the rest of his race, much of his time was spent in excursions against the tribes with whom they were at war. Perceiving where the caravan had taken refuge, Mustapha, having the first choice allowed to him, said, “I will take for my share the captive at the extremity of the well: he who has most to lose will have fled the furthest.”—His companions cast lots for their portions. Some had young women; others, young, active, male slaves: all with some treasure. None were apparently so unfortunate as Mustapha





(Interior of an Ethiopian Cottage.)

who found, at the extremity of the well, Amnah, disguised as an old man, miserably clad, the picture of poverty. His companions, with the freedom of friends, rallied him on the wisdom of his choice, in the following lines, which one of them sang, and the others joined in chorus:—

"Our chief, what wisdom he has shown,  
God has blessed him with great judgment.  
O, what a prize he has gained!  
So young and so active a slave;  
So splendid and costly his dress;  
So sweet the scent of his body!  
Our chief, &c.

"He will lead your horse to the field;  
Give you your lances in battle,  
And ward off the treacherous blow.  
Our chief, what wisdom he has shown!  
God has blessed him with great judgment.  
O, what a prize he has gained!"

Mustapha bore good-naturedly the jests of his companions, and not wishing to appear to despise the gift of Providence, although apparently useless, he led to his castle, as prisoner, the disguised Amnah. On his arrival, he asked her what she could do:—"Can you cut wood?" said he.—"No," replied Amnah, "I have no strength: see you not that my arm is shrivelled up with age?"—"Can you carry it?" said the chief.—"No," she said, "my back is already double; I should sink under the lightest weight."—"Can you guard the cows or sheep?"—"Alas, no!" replied Amnah; "they walk too fast and far for me."—"Can you clean the horses?"—"I know not how."—"Can you wash the sand for gold-dust?"—"My eyes are not good enough."—"You are too dirty to make bread. Can you attend the geese?"—"I think I can," said Amnah; "at all events, I will try."—Mustapha gave her for a companion a dumb youth, called Yabebe. After some days, when Yabebe was bathing in the river,

Amnah took off her disguise, and showed herself to the astonished peasant, as the perfection of beauty, covered with gold and precious stones, her hair ornamented with fine pearls and plates of gold, and her earrings studded with diamonds: laughing, she sang to him the following lines:—

"Open your eyes, Yabebe:  
See! I am young and lovely,  
Covered with gold all over;  
My necklace of gold,  
My earrings of gold,  
My bracelets of gold,  
And gold round my arms,  
And gold round my legs,  
Gold on my forehead,  
And gold on my rat;  
Pearls and silver also.  
Open your eyes, Yabebe;  
See, I am young and lovely,  
Covered with gold all over!"

The astonished peasant left the river, and Amnah, laughing, resumed her disguise. On his return to the castle, the dumb youth made signs to his chief that Amnah was a woman, beautiful, and covered with gold. They surveyed her, and not finding out her disguise, beat the boy for his improbable falsehood. The day afterwards they were at the same river: Amnah threw aside her disguise, put her ornaments together, and bathed herself, with the lad, in the shaded stream. The peasant went first out of the water, and unobservedly stole one of her rings. Amnah having counted them, found one missing. Yabebe denied having taken it. Amnah beat him, but still he denied, and, escaping from her, fled to his master, and gave him the ring, describing by signs that she had similar ones on all her fingers, and was covered with gold and precious stones; that she was a woman, and that her beauty was as the mid-day sun, (jemeel mittel e' shamps fel dohr,) too powerful to

gaze at. Mustapha sent for Amnah, and flying suddenly upon her, tore open the rags that covered her, but fell senseless at the sight of such exquisite beauty. Great was the fête of the marriage, countless the camels and sheep that were killed. The music was incessant for seven days and seven nights, and they danced until they could dance no more. None, for many years, saw the brilliancy of her face, being ever in her harem, or closely veiled when occasionally she appeared in public. The fame of her beauty, knowledge, and goodness, was spread through all lands; the learned were anxious to converse with her; but none, except her husband, had seen her face. One day, her dearest son fell from a tree that he was climbing. His cries reached the ears of his anxious mother. Without a veil, without a garment, she rushed forth. The crowd, on seeing her, fell as dead. They knew not if the effect was produced by magic, or by the power of her exquisite beauty. At her touch her son was restored; and having clothed herself with a gourbab, and thrown a veil over her head, the crowd recovered: but the tree withered from that day; the branches decayed fast; the leaves fell on the ground, and it no longer afforded shade.

### The Public Journals.

#### BOYHOOD.

**BOYHOOD!** what is the abstract idea of it? Does the word convey an individual portrait, or a compound of the imagination. What is its age? When does it commence? When depart? It has several stages. The beautiful of boyhood is somewhere between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years, is invested with its greatest charm. Then is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates its due wonder. Then the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much sweet natural helplessness as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demand upon our care, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

Boys are gregarious creatures, and when in troops, having confidence in themselves and in each other, they are all noise and sport.

"Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can."

But when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering, by green lanes or village hedge-rows, they show no signs of mirth. Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye inquiring; there is then a look that might be mistaken for pensive, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however,

singularly expressive of happiness, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

If you would know what a boy is, find him alone, win his confidence. There is a depth in him worth your studying; and if he hath been well brought up to love all creatures, and hath not fallen into birds' nesting, the thrush and blackbird will not shun him, the little wren will come out from her hiding-place to look at him for his eye hath not yet acquired the look of command or cruelty, that any living thing should fly from it. He bears about him much of the sanctity of purity that Adam had when all the creatures of the earth came to him for their names. If you are a naturalist, where is a nobler object for your scrutiny? You know not what you yourself were—you cannot recall, with any exactness, your feelings, your tastes, your impressions, your desires, your affections. Childhood to grown man is in much a sealed book; and if the grave be "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," childhood is not unlike it, for once passed, it becomes a period for speculation, more than of knowledge—the memory furnishing but a few glimpses and slight pictures of that state. Children, boys particularly, in masses, we seldom notice, though we doubt not their being then interesting objects; but when alone, if they have not been early spoiled, they excite our wonder, admiration, and love. What a fair index of the mind within is "the shining morning face." Shakspeare was the best of portrait painters here. While we are now writing there sits beside us our own dear boy, ætatis sæpe 10. Oh, what an attitude for painter or sculptor! It is neither sitting nor lying, but rounded as a ball, folded up, body and mind, with an enviable flexibility; and there are some who would show their envy by a thump on the back, and would drill the happy loungers into his bolt upright attention. Attention! is there not attention here? Look at the half open mouth, the earnest eye, quick, as if gifted with a double action of looking and conveying intelligence within. "And what, dear boy, are you reading?"—"The Seven Champions of Christendom"—"And who is now your Champion?"—"St. George of England."—"And how would you like to be St. George?"—"Not at all."—"And why?"—"Because he's in prison for seven years." Could a more rational answer be given? In your most mature age could you find a better? Here is a glorious love of liberty. Is the boy, then, an incipient liberal? Oh no, Heaven forbid—for he is cheerful in his obedience, and reverences all the laws he wots of.

"Well, boy, where are you now? would you like now to be St. George?"—"That I should, papa, very much indeed."—"And why?"—"Because he has killed the dragon,

and rescued a beautiful princess, the King of Egypt's daughter, and is going to marry her." It would be difficult to find a better reason for wishing one's self St. George. O, happy, enviable age!—and so is it that dear boyhood is drinking into his thirsty soul, through eye and ear, the finer essences of the virtues, that by growth within him, under God's blessing, will become perennial fountains of love and magnanimity in manhood.

Beautiful boyhood—that link uniting in itself and to itself both parents—half feminine in feature, form, mind, and affection; yet how decidedly masculine in adventurous spirit, that springs at the touch to instant action, and sparkling in the eyes changes all that was feminine into masculine energy; and again, at the voice of love and sympathy, melting all that was masculine into tears of gentlest, most feminine tenderness. Beautiful boyhood, sporting in every wind, tossing his sun-lit locks into the darkness of the stormiest skies, and bearing his breast to every element—fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved of nature, who like a kind school-mistress, sits upon the hills, and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth, with all its landscapes, at once for his school and his play ground—and then the rocks and woods re-echo his mirth; and then in thoughtful liberty wandering away, the quiet nooks inclose him in their greenness, making companions of every thing, animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty, searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bend to him, and touch him with their sunshine; picking up lessons for present delight and future wisdom, by rivers' sides, by brooks, in glens and in the fields, inhaling, in every breath he draws, intelligence and health.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

#### CORSICAN VENGEANCE.

THE Corsicans are or were as famous for their horsemanship as for indomitable courage, love of country, hardihood, and a fierce, vindictive spirit. At different periods, different nations may have claimed allegiance obtained by conquest; but, the hardy Corsicans, united by a spirit of claniship, and confiding in the strong-holds of their island, have set at defiance laws promulgated by an usurping power.

The occurrence, which I am about to relate, happened in the early part of the sixteenth century. Tonino, a humble member of the family of Guitera, the head of which was his feudal lord, was betrothed to a young shepherdess, named Maria, whom he treated with more kindness than the Corsicans generally bestowed upon their females; who, having often suffered from the effects of the ferocious jealousy of the males, re-

garded them with terror, and always approached them with misgivings. One day, Tonino, as he climbed the precipitous sides of the mountains, in search of his beloved, suddenly encountered his kinsman, the lord of Guitera. The humble retainer, as he sprang forward to greet the *seigneur*, was struck with the sinister expression of his countenance, in which a malicious smile seemed to be contending with a look of confusion. He hastily inquired for his betrothed. "I have not seen her," replied the noble; "but I forget not that she is to be thy bride. Hold! I do not offer this purse and this diamond bauble as a dowry, but as a remembrance. No thanks! I wish you a good day's sport, and joy of your conquest." As he sprang down the rocks, he cast back a look of such dark malignity at Tonino, that the latter, almost instinctively, unslung the big gun that hung at his back. He hastened, however, with the gifts of the noble, to the presence of his mistress. She was reclining in her favorite seat; but, her staff had fallen from her hand, and her little dog was stretched dead at her feet. Her dress was in wild disorder; and, as her lover sought to embrace her, she fled from his arms, with a loud shriek. He laid the purse and the diamond cross on the ground before her. "You have seen him," she cried. "I have," replied the bewildered Tonino; "and these gifts"—"Are the price of my dishonour!" she cried, in a voice of horror. As she uttered these words, standing on the edge of a precipice, she touched the gold with her foot, and it rolled into the deep chasm. "It is an emblem of my fate—I follow it!" cried the unhappy girl, and she flung herself from the rocky parapet, while Tonino stood, rooted to the spot, as immovable as if he had been hewn from the rock itself. An instant afterwards, he regained his senses; he rushed forward to the edge of the gulf, and wildly waved his arms, as if preparing to follow Maria, when the glittering cross attracted his eye, and he stooped to pick it up. Raising it high in the air, he breathed a vow of vengeance.

The next day was the annual festival, at which half-wild horses were caught by the lasso, tamed and ridden by the adventurous Corsicans. The scene of the sports was a green plateau, among the mountains, in the centre of which stood the rustic pavilion of the lord of Guitera, surmounted by a standard emblazoned with his arms. It was the custom of the *seigneur* to reward the victor in the games, by presenting him with a richly-ornamented gun. While all eyes were fixed upon the horses, dashing round the arena in wild freedom, snorting, throwing the foam from their mouths, and tossing their ragged manes in the air, Tonino, pale, haggard, and scowling, suddenly appeared.

He held in his hand the formidable *lasso*—a rope, furnished with a noose—and, suddenly dashing into the centre of the plateau, he threw it around the legs of a strong horse, and pulled him to the ground. Ere the animal could recover himself, the victor had bitten and saddled him; and when he arose furiously to his legs, he was forced to obedience by the sharpness of the curb. Dashing around the circle, at full speed, Tonino was hailed with acclamations, as the winner of the prize; but his dusky lips betrayed no smile of triumph, as he approached the pavilion to receive the gun.

Reining in his steed, with a suddenness that almost threw him upon his haunches, the fierce Corsican awaited the approach of his enemy, who slowly descended from the platform, on which his pavilion stood, and, having gained the level ground, without daring to look the victor in the face, extended the prize gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, inlaid with silver. Tonino seized the weapon by the muzzle, and cast it from him. The lord of Guitera laid his hand upon his poignard, and bent a furtive glance upon his guards, as if anxious, yet afraid, to bid them advance. But now, the eyes of Tonino almost emitted gleams of fire—and, rising in his stirrups, he threw his right arm aloft, and whirled his fatal lasso thrice around his head. At the third revolution of the rope, it descended over the body of the feudal chieftain—and, an instant after, he was writhing in the strict embrace of the noose. The attack was so sudden, that the guards were paralyzed; and the avenger, taking advantage of their panic, plunged his rowels, to the heels, in the flanks of his wild steed, and the tortured animal launched forth in fleet career, dragging the body of the noble at his heels. The wild horse rushed to the verge of the plateau, where the hue of the vegetation brightened into a more vivid tint, marking the boundary of the dangerous morasses. Here, as if instinctively aware of peril, the horse recoiled; but a heavy plunge of the spur, sent him into the treacherous waste. Here he floundered for a moment, and the Corsicans beheld their lord, rising, in an agony of fear, and clinging to the stirrup of Tonino. The latter spurned him from his side; and, urging his horse forward, uttered one fierce shout of exultation, ere he sank with his victim—and the treacherous morass closed over them for ever.—*New England Magazine.*

### New Books.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

By Montgomery Martin, Esq.

[The following entertaining cento is selected from the fifth and concluding volume of the

above laborious work, an acquaintance with the contents of which is indispensable for an estimate of the vast resources of the British empire.]

### Siege of Gibraltar.

On the morning of the 8th of September, 1782, an almost simultaneous attack was made on all sides; nine line of battle ships passed along the garrison, discharging several broadsides at the works; 15 gun and mortar boats approached the town, and 170 pieces of ordnance, all of large calibre, opened into one magnificent discharge from the Spanish lines. The enemy kept up this tremendous fire on the 9th, resumed it at gun-fire on the 10th, and at 7 A.M. had discharged (including the expenditure on the 8th) 5,527 shot, and 2,302 shells, exclusive of the number fired by the men-of-war and mortar boats. The bombardment continued at the rate of 4,000 shots in the 24 hours, when, on the morning of the 12th of September, the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to seven three-deckers, 31 ships of two decks, three frigates, and a number of xebèques, bomb ketches, and hospital ships, entered the bay, and in the afternoon were all at anchor between the Orange Grove and Algeiras. It required stout British hearts not to quail before this formidable armament; 47 sail of the line, 10 battering ships, deemed perfect in design, and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns, innumerable frigates, xebèques, bomb ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and disembarking craft, were then assembled in Gibraltar Bay; on the land side were the most stupendous batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, protected by an army of 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general, in the immediate presence of two princes of the blood royal of France, and many of the highest nobility of both countries, the *coup d'œil* affording a grand military spectacle such as the annals of war had never before, and never since, presented. The Spaniards and French deemed success certain; our noble little band of Britons hoped for the best; and as the danger thickened around, instead of yielding to despair, their courage and presence of mind rose with the emergency; indeed it is impossible, even at this distance of time, to reflect without enthusiasm on the conduct of those men who, on so eventful an occasion, raised higher than it had ever yet been—the true nobility of Britons. The batteries from the Spanish lines, which had continued their formidable fire, opened on the morning of the 13th of September, 1782, and were soon sustained by the battering ships, which moved to the attack in admirable order, actually mooring within 900 yards of the king's bastion, and in a few minutes four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery were playing

at the same moment from the garrison and their assailants. After some hours, the battering ships were found to be no less formidable than they were represented; our heaviest shells often rebounded off their sloped summits, whilst 32 lb. shot seemed incapable of making an impression on their dense sides. Frequently the besieged flattered themselves that these floating masses of destruction were on fire, but by application of fire-engines from within, the incipient conflagration was speedily extinguished. About noon, the enemy's cannon, which had been previously too much elevated, became very destructive, and we then commenced what our troops had long looked forward to with a prospect of success—the firing of *red hot balls*. The fury of the British troops was now roused to an almost superhuman pitch; the whole of the gigantic energies were directed towards the battering ships; they disregarded in a great measure the land batteries, and our guns absolutely vomited forth fire in the shape of red hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every description. For some hours the fierce conflict continued with doubtful success; but towards evening the incredible labour of the English troops began to be crowned with success: the admiral's ship was in flames, the second in command was soon in the same awful condition, and by 8 p.m. the firing had almost entirely ceased from the attacking squadron. Our firing was continued throughout the night, and the cries, shrieks, and moans of the dying told a truly piteous tale, which the morning's dawn painfully verified. About two o'clock on the morning of the 14th, one of the battering ships was a terrific blaze from stem to stern; another to the southward was in a similar state, and the horrid lure threw a vivid light over the scene of desolation around, which was heightened by six others of the battering ships being on fire between 3 and 4 a.m.

#### *Hatching Chickens at Gibraltar.*

During the extreme scarcity of provisions, where the Spaniards vigorously prosecuted the siege, a singular mode of hatching chickens was practised by the Hanoverians. The eggs were placed with some cotton, wool, or other warm substance, in a tin case of such construction as to be heated either by a lamp or hot water; and, by a proper attention to the temperature of heat, the eggs were commonly hatched in the usual time of a hen's sitting. A *capon* was then taught to rear them: the feathers were plucked from his breast and belly; he was then scourged with a bunch of nettles, and placed upon the young hatch, whose downy warmth afforded such comfort to the bare and smarting parts, that he from that period reared them up with equal care and tenderness as though they had been his own offspring.

#### *The Poor at Gibraltar.*

There is much poverty among the poorer classes at Gibraltar, especially among the aliens; the lower order of Moors and Jews have a filthy appearance; they wear a sort of frock composed of flimsy blanketing, with a hood and sleeves for wet weather; loose cotton drawers, open at the knees, the legs bare, the feet in clumsy slippers, and scull cap of greasy woollen; this garb is frequently worn night and day until it drops to pieces. The chief dish of the lower orders is called *gespacho*, and is composed of water, vinegar, oil, capsaicum, garlic, and salt, into which bread is broken; all the family sit round the bowl, each person helping himself with a wooden spoon.

#### *Government Pawnbroking.*

A singular institution exists at Malta, termed the Monte di Pietà, which was established there in the year 1597; and, like all institutions of the sort in other parts of Europe, particularly at Rome, with the object of affording pecuniary relief to the distressed at reasonable interest, thereby preventing them from having recourse to usurious contracts. Any sum of money, however small, is advanced to the applicants on the security of property given in pawn,—such as gold, silver, and other precious articles, or wearing apparel, whether worn or new. The period of the loan is for three years on pawns of the first description, and never more than two on those of the latter, renewable at the option of the parties, who are also at liberty to redeem their pawns at any time within the period on payment of interest in proportion. The unclaimed pawns, at the expiration of the period, are sold by public auction, and the residue of the proceeds, after deducting the sum due to the institution, is payable to the person producing the ticket. Of the accommodation thus afforded by the Monte, not unfrequently persons in better circumstances have availed themselves for any monetary exigency, and in this way considerable sums have been advanced.

#### *The Lord's Prayer in the Maltese Language.*

Missierna li inti fis meniet jtkaddes ismech, tipr saltatech icun li trit int chif fis sema hegda flart. Hhobna ta culium atina illum u Ahhfrlna dnubietna chif ahhna nahnfru lil min hhata ghalina u laddahhanna fittigrif ta tentazzioni isda ehhlisna mid-den. Amen.

#### *Tar Wells at Zante.*

Zante possesses petroleum and tar springs, somewhat similar to those of Trinidad. The springs are situated on the edge of a marshy spot about a quarter of a league from the sea, near the shore of Chieri Bay. The largest is on the south side of the morass, of a circular

form, paved with stone, about 50 feet in circumference, and about one deep, to the surface of the tar. The two others are smaller; they are situated on the northern side of the morass, at the distance of 200 paces. The petroleum, or mineral tar, lies on the bottom and sides of the pool from which it is collected to the amount of about 50 or 60 barrels annually, and is applied to the purposes of smearing boats and out-of-door work, as railings, &c. It is said to cement stones together with singular cohesiveness. It has been attempted to employ it for cordage, but it is said not to answer the purpose, as it rots the hemp, and renders the cables friable. The surface of the water which lies above the tar, is iridescent in clear weather, occasioned probably by a minute portion of naphtha, or the finer parts of tar floating on it. The body of the water is limpid, and by those who have tasted it, is said to be by no means unpleasant, although sensibly impregnated with the bituminous matter. The tar is thrown up, as it were, in the act of boiling, but the superincumbent water remains at rest; both the water and the tar are quite cool, even in the hottest weather. The bottom of these springs has never been sounded, and any buoyant substance sunk by art in them is found floating on the surface of the sea shortly afterwards.

#### *The fierce Siroc.*

The walls of houses, stone floors, and pavements, invariably become moist when the sirocco blows. But although the sirocco is so charged with moisture,—vegetables, especially that part of them exposed to it for any length of time, appear quite shrivelled and burnt up, and very frequently they are destroyed altogether. Wine bottled in a sirocco is greatly injured, and often destroyed. Meat taints astonishingly soon during its prevalence. No prudent housekeeper ever salts meat at this time; for it either taints at once, not taking the salt, or else it keeps very badly. No carpenter uses glue in a sirocco, for it does not adhere. No painter willingly works during its prevalence, for his paint will not dry. The natives assert, that if paint, applied during a sirocco, does happen to dry by intense heat, and a change of wind, it always oozes again on the return of the sirocco. Bakers diminish the quantity of their leaven during the sirocco, as dough is found to ferment sufficiently without it.

#### VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA, DAMASCUS, AND JERUSALEM.

*By Edward Hogg, M. D.*

[THIS lively and entertaining journal is from the pen of an intelligent observer, who neither overlooks the wrecks of past ages nor the influences of his own time—the past glory of

Balbec and Jerusalem—or the present political position of Egypt, and the other countries through which our traveller journeyed. Of the architectural antiquities of his route he presents us with several finished pictures: of Balbec, especially, there is a highly interesting description, even in comparison with Lamartine's elaborate details, already quoted in our pages: of Jerusalem, the historical and descriptive notices are likewise copious; but the main importance of Dr. Hogg's journal lies in the value of his pictures of society and manners in Syria, as the results of the liberal policy of Mohammed Ali, its present ruler; of the various political and commercial relations of this country too, Dr. Hogg has been enabled to present more extended views than previous travellers have done, from his increased facilities and advantages.

As our extracts from Lamartine's *Pilgrimage*, through a portion of Dr. Hogg's route, have been somewhat copious in the present volume, we must be content with chary quotation from the work before us; though the pleasant and attractive style in which the information is conveyed would otherwise warrant the transfer of several pages to our columns. Our extract relates to a natural wonder as yet comparatively little known:—]

#### *The Sapphire Grot, at Capri.*

The most attractive object is the Sapphire Grot, at the northern extremity of the island, which, having only been recently re-discovered, of course, excites considerable attention. The sole entrance to this remarkable cavern is a small semicircular opening, close to the edge of the water, at the base of an almost perpendicular cliff, which here dips from a great height into the sea. In form it closely resembles the mouth of an oven, which it exceeds but little in size; yet, immediately within, it enlarges into a grotto of considerable dimensions, with an arched roof that spans like a dome a placid expanse of water, of the deepest azure. A signal being made, a long, narrow boat, specially constructed to convey visitors within the cave, pushes from the shore; but the entrance can only be effected when the weather is perfectly calm, and at the favourable moment of the reflux of the waves. The visitor now places himself below the edge of the boat, which two guides adroitly and speedily conduct through the narrow passage. He then finds himself in a spacious, circular cavern, into which the direct rays of light only penetrate through the aperture by which he has entered; and this not being more than four feet either in height or breadth, the space within would be a mere gloomy and obscure recess, were it not distinguished from all other known caverns by the peculiarity which has conferred upon it the name of the Sapphire Grot. To



understand this it must be remembered, that the entrance to this singular cave is to be considered as the apex of a subaqueous arch, springing on one side from the bottom of the sea, and on the other from a ledge of rock near the surface of the water. Thus the greater part of the light within is derived from the rays that pass through the blue waters of the surrounding ocean. By this denser medium some of these rays are intercepted and absorbed, while the remainder refracted by passing through the water, and then reflected upwards from the bottom, diffuse a rich blue colour over the roof and sides of this beautiful grotto, which is finely varied in appearance by the direct rays that pass through the entrance, as they fall on the undulating surface of the waves within.

The singular effect of light, thus passing through an aqueous medium, is here further illustrated by the shadow of the boat being thrown upon the roof of the cave, as well as by an experiment, easily made, of closing entirely the entrance of the grot, which increases the intensity of the rich cerulean tints that so conspicuously distinguish it. That portion of the cave which is filled by the sea does not possess a width of perhaps more than seventy or eighty feet, yet the imagination is so powerfully aided by the blue aerial perspective, that it requires a positive exertion of the reasoning faculty to form a correct estimate of its real dimensions.

At the farthest extremity of the cavern, a wide and shelving portion of rock affords a convenient landing-place, beyond which are some vestiges of steps. These appear to lead to the termination of a subterranean entrance from the island, now obstructed with rubbish, and hitherto unexplored. It cannot be supposed that the present opening to this remarkable grotto escaped the notice of the ancients, or that the imperial voluptuary, who sought with such avidity new sources of enjoyment, neglected, during his long residence here, the advantages presented by a cavern, apparently designed by nature to contribute to royal luxury. This favoured spot may well be imagined, during the oppressive heat of summer, to have been often the joyous scene of imperial revels,—its sides, perhaps, gemmed with the varied spoils of the depths beneath, and its retired recesses converted into coral bowers. Here a mimic Venus, in her pearly car, drawn by dolphins, and surrounded by Cupids and Graces, may have floated luxuriously on the azure waves; and Neptune, wielding his trident, may here have assembled his tritons, and other fabled monsters of the deep, to dissipate, by their antic gambols, the listless languor of the imperial recluse.

## Notes of a Reader.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By L. E. L.

THERE is no change upon the air,  
No record in the sky;  
No pall-like storm comes forth to shroud  
The year about to die.

A few light clouds are on the heaven,  
A few far stars are bright;  
And the pale moon shines as she shines  
On many a common night.

Ah, not in heaven, but upon earth,  
Are signs of change express'd;  
The closing year has left its mark  
On human brow and breast.

How much goes with it to the grave  
Of life's most precious things;  
Methinks each year dies on a pyre,  
Like the Assyrian kings.

Affections, friendships, confidence,—  
There's not a year hath died  
But all these treasures of the heart  
Lie with it side by side.

The wheels of time work heavily;  
We marvel day by day  
To see how from the chain of life  
The gilding wears away.

Sad the mere change of fortune's chance  
And sad the friend unkind;  
But what has sadness like the change  
That in ourselves we find?

I've wept my castle in the dust,  
Wept o'er an altered brow;  
'Tis far worse murmuring o'er those tears,  
"Would I could weep them now!"

Oh, for mine early confidence,  
Which, like that graceful tree,  
Beut cordial, as if each approach  
Could but in kindness be!

Then was the time the fairy Hope  
My future fortune told,  
Or Youth, the alchemist, that turn'd  
Whate'er he touch'd to gold.

But Hope's sweet words can never be  
What they have been of yore:  
I am grown wiser, and believe  
In fairy tales no more.

And Youth has spent his wealth, and bought  
The knowledge he would fain  
Change for forgetfulness, and live  
His dreaming life again.

I'm weary, weary: day-dreams, years,  
I've seen alike depart,  
And sullen Care and Discontent  
Hang brooding o'er my heart.

Another year, another year,—  
Alas! and must it be  
That Time's most dark and weary wheel  
Must turn again for me?

In vain I seek from out the past  
Some cherish'd wreck to save;  
Affection, feeling, hope, are dead,—  
My heart is its own grave!

## The Gatherer.

*Quid pro Quo.*—A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did

not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon*."

On a Welsh parson applying to the Bishop of St. Asaph, the late Dr. Luxmore, to give him a living, the following dialogue took place between them at his lordship's palace.

*Loquitur sacerdos:*

"I have waited upon your lordship to ask you to give me a living."

"Your claim, sir?"

"Nearly twenty years a curate in your diocese; and no man, my lord, can say a word against my character."

"Good—I'll think of you; you certainly have a claim upon me." (*Subauditur*—if all this be true.)

"The curate bowed and retired; but, almost immediately returning, the dialogue was resumed.

"I beg pardon, my lord; but I have a further favour to request."

"Name it."

"It is that your lordship will not send me into the mountains."

The fact was, the supplicant, in addition to some hereditary property, and a small extra-episcopal benefice, had married a banker's widow in Shropshire, just within the diocese, where he had long been living on the fat of the land.

"The mountains, sir!" said his somewhat startled diocesan. "Why, were you not born in the mountains?"

"Yes, my lord; but my wife don't speak Welsh."

"Your wife, sir!—*she* does not *preach*, does she?"

"No, my lord, she only *lectures*."

The bishop, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and a better tempered man never breathed, took the joke in good part; and finding, on inquiry, that the character the curate had given of himself was, in the main, a true one—that is to say, that he had not more than about his share of human infirmities—gave him a rectory in the very depth of the mountains, which, oddly enough, his father had been the incumbent of before him; and where he only died a few months back, having drunk, I should think, as much Welsh ale as any one of his predecessors, and that is saying enough.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

**Massacre.**—It is related that when Conan, with 11,000 British warriors, founded the kingdom of Armorica, or Brittany, in the fourth century, Dionotus, King of Cornwall, despatched his daughter, Ursula, with 11,000 British virgins to be their wives. The fair adventurers being cast ashore by a tempest among the Picts, and declining their addresses, were massacred by the barbarians.

**Royal Wit.**—When the King of Denmark was about to quit the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander observed, "Your

Majesty carries away all our hearts." Upon which, the king, who had not profited by the general scramble for the provinces, wittily replied, "Yes, Sire, but not a single soul."

The following appeared a short time since in an American paper;—"I, Jean de Merion, bein obligé trou necessite, to teach de langue Francaise a tous de peuple, I be glad you send your childs a moi. Je demure a toder ind of Second-street. Oh, I ave forgot to say I mak sausages a vendre, et I have four dollars a month pour teach the plus polite langue d'Europe." W. G. C.

**Building.**—Some years since, a Mr. T. Barnes, a builder, remarkable for his wealth, parsimony, and meanness of appearance, was erecting several rows of small houses in Stepney fields, and being examined before a committee of the House of Commons, in regard to a projected water company, he was asked how many houses he had in the neighbourhood: he replied that he knew how many he had when he came out in the morning, but that he could not tell, within fifty, how many he should have when he returned.

**Very True.**—That excessive diffidence, that insurmountable shyness, which is so apt to freeze the current of conversation in England, has been very correctly accounted for by Cowper, who says:—

"Our sensibilities are so acute,  
The fear of being silent makes us mute."

**An Ear for Music.**—When one of the Sandwich Island princes was in this country, he was present at a royal entertainment, at which the band from one of the regiments of guards performed some very scientific and composite pieces of music; the Sandwich Islander was observed to listen most intently, and being asked by one of the company whether he was pleased with the music, he answered that he had been greatly delighted with the *drum*.

Translation of the lines written with a pencil by Lucien Buonaparte on the wall of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford-upon-Avon:—

"The eye of genius glistens to admire  
How memory hails the sounds of Shakespeare's lyre;  
One tear I shed to form a crystal shrine  
To all that's grand, immortal, and divine."

#### VOL. XXVI. OF THE MIRROR.

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